

THE LIFE OF TYMON OF ATHENS.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, and Mercer,
at severall doores.

Poet.

Good day Sir.

Pain. I am glad y^e are well.

Poet. I have not seen you long, how goes
the World?

Pain. It weares fir, as it growes.

Poet. I that's well knowne:

But what particular Rarity? What strange,
Which manifold record not matches: see
Magicke of Bounty, all these spirits thy power
Hath coniu'd to attend,
I know the Merchant.

Pain. I know them both: th^e others a Jeweller.

Mer. O tis a worthy Lord.

Jew. Nay that's most fixt.

Mer. A most incomparable man, breath'd as it were,
To an vnyreable and continuat goodness:
He passes.

Jew. I have a Jewell heere.

Mer. O pray let's see't. For the Lord Timon, sir?

Jew. If he will touch the estimate. But for that—

Poet. When we for recompence haue prais'd the vild,
It staines the glory in that happy Verse,
Which aptly sings the good.

Mer. 'Tis a good forme.

Jew. And rich: heere is a Water looke ye.

Pain. You are rapt sir, in some worke, some Dedica-
tion to the great Lord.

Poet. A thing slipt idly from me.
Our Poetrie is as a Gowne, which vies
From whence 'tis nourisht: the fire i'th Flint
Shewes not, till it be strooke: our gentle flame
Prouokes it selfe, and like the currant flies
Each bound it chafes. What haue you there?

Pain. A Picture sir: when comes your Booke forth?

Poet. Vpon the heeles of my presentment sir.
Let's see your peece.

Pain. 'Tis a good Peece.

Poet. So 'tis, this comes off well, and excellen^t.

Pain. Indifferent.

Poet. Admirable: How this grace
Speakes his owne standing: what a mentall power
This eye shootes forth? How bigge imagination
Moues in this Lip, to th^e dumbnesse of the gesture,

One might interpret.

Pain. It is a pretty mocking of the life:
Heere is a touch: Is't good?

Poet. I will say of it.

It tutors Nature, Artificiall strife
Liues in these touches, liuelier then life.

Enter certaine Senators.

Pain. How this Lord is followed.

Poet. The Senators of Athens, happy men.

Pain. Looke moe.

Po. You see this confluence, this great flood of visitors,
I haue in this rough worke, shap'd out a man
Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hugge
With amplest entertainment: My free drift
Halts not particularly, but moues it selfe
In a wide Sea of wax, no leuell'd malice
Infects one comma in the course I hold,
But flies an Eagle flight, bold, and forth on,
Leauing no Tract behinde.

Pain. How shall I vnderstand you?

Poet. I will vnboile to you.

You see how all Conditions, how all Mindes,
As well of glib and slipp'ry Creatures, as
Of Graue and austere qualitie, tender downe
Their seruices to Lord Timon: his large fortune,
Vpon his good and gracious Nature hanging,
Subdues and properties to his loue and tendance
All sorts of hearts; yea, from the glasse-fac'd Flatterer
To Apemantus, that few things loues better
Then to abhorre himselfe; euen hee drops downe
The knee before him, and returns in peace
Most rich in Timons nod.

Pain. I saw them speake together.

Poet. Sir, I haue vpon a high and pleasant hill
Feign'd Fortune to be thron'd.
The Base o'th Mount
Is rank'd with all deserts, all kinde of Natures
That labour on the bosome of this Sphere,
To propagate their states; among't them all,
Whose eyes are on this Soueraigne Lady fixt,
One do I personate of Lord Timons frame,
Whom Fortune with her luery hand wafts to her,
Whose present grace, to present slauages and seruants
Translates his Riuals.

Pain. 'Tis concey'd, to scope
This Throne, this Fortune, and this Hill me thinkes

With

With one man becken'd from the rest below,
Bowing his head against the sleepey Mount
To climbe his happinesse, would be well exprest
In our Condition.

Poet. Nay Sir, but heare me on:

All those which were his Fellowes but of late,
Some better then his valew; on the moment
Follow his strides, his Lobbies fill with tendance,
Raine Sacrificall whisperings in his eare,
Make Sacred euen his styttop, and through him
Drinke the free Ayre.

Pain. I marry, what of these?

Poet. When Fortune in her shift and change of mood
Spurnes downe her late beloued; all his Dependants
Which labour'd after him to the Mountaines top,
Euen on their knees and hand, let him sit downe,
Not one accompanying his declining foot.

Pain. 'Tis common:

A thousand morall Paintings I can shew,
That shall demonstrate these quicke blowes of Fortunes,
More pregnantly then words. Yet you do well,
To shew Lord Timon, that meane eyes haue seene
The foot about the head.

Trumpets sound.

Enter Lord Timon, addressing himselfe curtously
to euery Sutor.

Tim. Imprison'd is he, say you?

Mer. My good Lord, five Talents is his debt,
His meanes most short, his Creditors most strait:
Your Honourable Letter he desires
To those haue shut him vp, which failing,
Periodes his comfort.

Tim. Noble Ventidius, well:

I am not of that Feather, to shake off
My Friend when he must neede me. I do know him
A Gentleman, that well deserues a helpe,
Which he shall haue. He pay the debt, and free him.

Mer. Your Lordship euer bindes him.

Tim. Commend me to him, I will send his ransome,
And being enfranchiz'd bid him come to me;

'Tis not enough to helpe the Feeble vp,
But to support him after. Fare you well.

Mer. All happinesse to your Honor.

Exit.

Enter an old Athenian.

Oldm. Lord Timon, heare me speake.

Tim. Freely good Father.

Oldm. Thou hast a Seruant nam'd Lucilius.

Tim. I haue so: What of him?

Oldm. Most Noble Timon, call the man before thee.

Tim. Attends he heere, or no? Lucilius.

Luc. Heere at your Lordships seruice.

Oldm. This Fellow heere, L. Timon, this thy Creature,
By night frequents my house. I am a man
That from my first haue bene inclin'd to thrift,
And my estate deserues an Heyre more rais'd,
Then one which holds a Trencher.

Tim. Well: what further?

Old. One onely Daughter haue I, no Kin else,
On whom I may conferre what I haue got:
The Maid is faire, a'th'youngest for a Bride,
And I haue bred her at my deere cost
In Qualities of the best. This man of thine
Attempts her loue: I prythee (Noble Lord)

Ioyne with me to forbid him her resort,
My selfe haue spoke in vaine.

Tim. The man is honest.

Oldm. Therefore he will be Timon,

His honesty rewards him in it selfe,

It must not beare my Daughter.

Tim. Does she loue him?

Oldm. She is yong and apt:

Our owne precedent passions do instruct vs
What leuities in youth.

Tim. Loue you the Maid?

Luc. I my good Lord, and she accepts of it.

Oldm. If in her Marriage my consent be missing,

I call the Gods to witnesse, I will choose

Mine heyre from forth the Beggars of the world,

And dispossesse her all.

Tim. How shall she be endowed,

If she be mated with an equall Husband?

Oldm. Three Talents on the present; in future, all.

Tim. This Gentleman of mine

Hath seru'd me long:

To build his Fortune, I will straine a little,

For 'tis a Bond in men. Give him thy Daughter,

What you bestow, in him he counterpoize,

And make him weigh with her.

Oldm. Most Noble Lord,

Pawne me to this your Honour, she is his.

Tim. My hand to thee,

Mine Honour on my promise.

Luc. Humbly I thanke your Lordship, neuer may

That state or Fortune fall into my keeping,

Which is not owed to you.

Exit.

Poet. Vouchsafe my Labour,

And long liue your Lordship.

Tim. I thanke you, you shall heare from me anon:

Go not away. What haue you there, my Friend?

Pain. A peece of Painting, which I do beseech

Your Lordship to accept.

Tim. Painting is welcome.

The Painting is almost the Naturall man:

For since Dishonor Traffickes with mans Nature,

He is but our-side: These Pensil'd Figures are

Euen such as they giue out. I like your worke,

And you shall finde I like it; Waite attendance

Till you heare further from me.

Pain. The Gods preserue ye.

Tim. Well fare you Gentleman: giue me your hand.

We must needs dine together: sit your Jewell

Hath suffered vnder praise.

Jew. What my Lord, dispraise?

Tim. A meere society of Commendations,

If I should pay you for't as 'tis extold,

It would vnclew me quite.

Jew. My Lord, 'tis rated

As those which sell would giue: but you well know,

Things of like valew differing in the Owners,

Are prized by their Masters. Beleeu't deere Lord,

You mend the Jewell by the wearing it.

Tim. Well mock'd.

Enter Apemantus.

Mer. No my good Lord, he speaks y^e common toong

Which all men speake with him.

Tim. Looke who comes heere, will you be chid?

Jew. Wee'l beare with your Lordship.

Mer. Hee'l spare none.

Tim. Good morrow to thee,

Gentle Apemantus.